



# The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911



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## SPECIAL THANKS TO

The Atrium vending machine (AKA the "Beast") for giving us two Oh Henry's for the price of one. You made my day. No I won't pay for the second one. Yes I already ate it.

## COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using 3 calculators and intimate knowledge of the art of Shotokan Karate. Often, we will engage in ludacris slow-motion fight sequences which wreck the office, forcing us to go sit outside and bounce ideas off homeless people to get the issue done.

## WHAT HO?

Toike Night, also known as Bonfire Night, is an annual celebration held on the evening of 5 November to mark the failure of the Gunpowder Plot of 5 November 1051, in which a number of Catholic conspirators, including the Toike Oike, attempted to destroy the Legislature Building in Toronto. The occasion is primarily celebrated in Toronto where, by an Act of Parliament called The That-Was-Close Act, it was compulsory until right this instant to celebrate the deliverance of the King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Festivities are centred on the use of fireworks and the lighting of bonfires, using as fuel Toikes pulled from the stands due to their offensive content.

## DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra right-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring the pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC's ain't shit.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

## EDITORIAL

Hey Readers,

My diagnosis? A broken funny bone. I'd recommend reading this paper; then swallow two pages and call me in the morning. Make sure to drink plenty of fluids. Maybe Ovaltine. I hear it's delicious.

Well, November is supposed to be when the Frosh start to pile in, and this year was certainly the exception. Yup. No Frosh showed up. How am I going to deal with this? The way every November issue before me since time immemorial (i.e. 2007) has dealt with it: putting a gorgeous woman on the cover under some flimsy pretext and hoping that the sexual repression of the Frosh will make them cling to the Toike like socks to dryer walls.

This issue centers around our very high respect for the talented doctors of the medical trade; names like Dre, Pepper, Dolittle, and Spaceman who

have changed the welfare of their fellow man with their ingenuity, rhythm, and smooth taste. Read on to get that second opinion for your penal enlargement, learn how to get skinny (totally for real this time), and the dangers we face from the International Consortium of Bacteria and Viruses.

Are your parents pressuring you into becoming a doctor? Are they telling you that it's the only prestigious career? Show them this "academic journal" from the university and they'll think twice. You're welcome.

Are you thinking of going into medicine or med school because "Those guys on Scrubs have so much fun"? Well, hopefully this Toike will reinforce all your naive assumptions about the world. After all, it's part of our constitution. Not because we're the kind of people who want to keep the myth of Santa alive as long as possible, but because it'll

be hilarious to watch you struggle as you realize you had no really good reasons for putting yourself through that hell...like an EngSci who only went into EngSci because "If computer science is easier than computer engineering, EngSci must be easier than normal engineering, right?" (true story).

On an unrelated note, I was really surprised to find a recent quote in my regular readings: "Best Publication Ever! Delightful!" -Gentertainment Weekly.

A second later I woke up... I should have known it was too good to be true when there's a magazine editor somewhere who thinks "Gentertainment" is a legitimate word. One day, that dream will be a reality. Keep believing, my fellow gentlemen and gentlewomen.

- Navid Nourian  
Editor-in Chief

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,  
We have reason to believe that your computer has not been working properly. Could you please hit ctrl+alt+delete and open the task manager. Once there, go to the performance tab and tell us whether or not your processor is running.

ECF Official Administrator

Dear ECF,  
Yes, it does appear to be running.

Navid

WELL THEN YOU BETTER GO CATCH IT LOLOLOL!!!!!!  
Dear Editor,  
I noticed the October issues seem to have mysteriously disap-

Hey, ok, hehe, yeah, guy, shut up man. Why do you have to bring that up right now? Jesus!

Navid

Hey Eddie,  
I hear there's no party like an S-club party. Can you confirm?

Partyboy

Dear Partyboy,  
I have heard that S-club will "show you how". My sources further tell me that there "is a party over here. Whoo! Ooh, there's a party over there," so I'm sure you'll have no trouble locating it. Godspeed and happy partying.

Navid

Dear Editor,  
After performing a resource audit of your newspaper, we found that you waste a vast amount of black ink on the back page. We feel that a black on white back page would be just as effective -BLARGBLRGRJBLE WHAT THE HELL SOME GUY JUST SMEARED MY FACE?!?!? COME BACK HERE ASSHOLE!

U of T Audit Commission

Dear Blackface,  
Zing.

Sincerely,  
Navid Nourian

My Dearest Editor,  
The nights are long, and the distant sound of shells too close for comfort. I find my thoughts drifting to our dream of a little house in the mountains, away from here. It gives me the courage every morning to clean my gun and strap on my galoshes. Yesterday we rushed across no-man's land. Ol' Jeremy Mathers didn't make it back... I've killed unarmed men Eddie. I think I'm losing my nerve. Maybe soon they'll send me home, to you my love. Until then, you are my beacon of hope in this desolate place, this hell, this...Scarborough.

Bill Raynor

...What??

Navid Nourian

Why did the chicken cross the road?  
To get to the Toike meeting!

Content Meeting: Thu, Nov 4th at 8PM  
Put-Together Meeting: Fri, Nov 19th at 6PM

in the Sandford Fleming Atrium  
(Basement Level of SF)

Free Food and Drinks,  
everyone welcome!

Got way too much email? We'll take it off your hands.  
Send it to: toike@skule.ca



## NEWS BRIEFS

### The Kids Might Not Be Alright

A disturbing report from the Institute for Keeping Those Kids out of Trouble was released this week. Some of the positive signs were the rapid decline in teenage use of "soft drugs" and a plateau of teenage pregnancy rates. The Institute can claim much of the credit on the latter with their widespread "Every time you get it on, imagine the agony of childbirth" ad campaign.

The most troubling find, though, is a sharp increase in the rate of teenagers overdosing from laughter. Laughter was originally concocted as a medicinal product, and although certain fringe groups still lobby to legalize medicinal laughter, this report is a clear warning against letting our children have unlimited access to it.

"Teenagers have always found ways to 'get high' using otherwise harmless products, like glue, felt markers, or mood candles. Laughter is just the next in a long line of perfectly wonderful things turned sour by teenage experimentation and over-indulgence," commented the Institute's president Harley Lugal, adding under her breath, "this is why I got my damn tubes tied."

It remains to be seen how parents will handle this situation. Experts agree that you should discuss it openly with your children. If that doesn't work, the next step may be subliminal persuasion: begin by hinting at how much you'd disapprove if your children started wearing black makeup and listening to those "god-awful Linkin Park albums." As Dr. Lugal put it, "Just like that, we've used their rebellious spirit against them. Your kids will become fully Emo, and you can be sure they'll never laugh again. It's for their own good."

### Tony Blair Slams Autism

Former British Prime Minister Tony Blair provided harsh words for autism at the Annual International Benefit for Autistic Persons last week, citing that he did "not see any reasons as to why there would be a benefit for autistic people, as they clearly do not need any sort of charity from the general public." Blair went on to say that "autistic people clearly do not suffer in any way that isn't of their own making," and often "have better lives than the average person, due to their higher than average intelligence, creativity, and social skills." However, he conceded that "at times, autistic people do earn less than the average working man," but this could be easily remedied by "giving up being autistic and getting a real job, you self-absorbed wankers." He later went on to acknowledge that "though autistic persons almost exclusively interact with other autistic persons, it wouldn't hurt for them to get out of their own little worlds and just talk to other people like a normal person." This was followed by a confusing validation of the mental illness, as Blair stated: "Everybody wants to be autistic, but only a lucky few actually get to be autistic. I wish I were autistic. If everyone were autistic, the world would be a better place." He closed by stating that "autistic people don't need our money or our support - they get enough of it from rich people who buy their paintings. Maybe they shouldn't spend it all on berets and painbrushes."

- Jason Johnson

## Shaving Shenanigans - A How To Guide

A recent study shows that a staggering 67% of men have no idea how to perform an incredibly important task. To raise awareness, we present here the CHO approved protocols for this activity.

At some point in every man's life, he'll realize that the hedgees need trimming...he needs to thin out the thicket...no? Uhh, how about...the rainforest needs to be cut down? No? Fuck it.

He realizes that he has to try shaving his balls, at least once. So before you go crazy and take a manly machete to your hairy conundrum, read on and learn some tricks for making this experience a safe and happy one.

**Step 1:** Find a razor. Preferably not a dull one. A nick on your cheek is painful, but you can't afford sissy snafus like that in the big leagues.

**Step 2:** Get some shaving cream. You know what to do, lather it up. Just don't take too long putting it on, you get my drift? Keep your eye on the ball (balls?) and remember what we're here to do. Do not get caught during this step because it's the most awkward looking.

**Step 3:** Make the first cut. Make sure to savour the feeling of pure terror that rushes through you as you bring mankind's best slicing tools into contact with your scro-

tum. I'll let you in on a secret: you know those cave-men who sharpened stones? The development of sharper and sharper knives? This is the real reason why men since time eternal have worked to create sharper cutting utensils. You're a part of history now. Welcome.

**Step 4:** Boldly make the second shave. This one should go along faster, as the nail-biting anticipation won't make your sack crunch up and cower inside you. Look at you! You're such a hero!

**Step 5:** Make the third cut. Get too cocky and fuck it up. Have an unexpected reunion with that old friend, "a sinking feeling", mere moments before your pain centers flair up brighter than t-shaped trees at a KKK barbeque. Try to choose which of your favourite swear words to use and end up just saying them all at once. Throw the razor on the counter.

**Step 6:** OK, OK, it's just one small cut. No big deal. Reach for the sink and turn on the tap. Splash some water on there. Realize you've turned on the 'hot' tap and feel the added burn of hot water on your nuts. Scream in agony. Do not get caught during this step cause it's the most awkward looking.

**Step 7:** Regret. So much regret.

**Step 8:** Finally summon up the courage to look down. OhGodThere'sBlood. Sit down on the edge of the bathtub (if you weren't in the bathroom this whole time you shouldn't have made it past Step 1), take a few deep breaths, then grab a towel and start gently wiping off the shaving cream. Do not get caught during this step cause it's the most awkward looking. Unless you're losing a lot of blood, in which case getting caught might be good.

**Step 9:** Wrap your war wound in some toilet paper. Yay, it's a mummy scrotum! That thought will probably do little to ease your feelings of self-hatred and your shattered ego as you slowly waddle back to the sink, legs spread like a prisoner during a cavity search, to avoid wacking your painful cut on your legs. Once the bleeding seems to have stopped, remove the toilet paper bandage.

**Step 10:** Forget that in stressful times, the human mind shuts down and reverts to instinct and habits. Take out the bottle of aftershave. Pour some into your hands. Jump out of the proverbial frying pan into what probably feels like fire.

And there you have it! Happy bush-wacking!

- Howitzer Thundertackle

## Butter is the New Exercise

A revolutionary new diet has swept Canada, and hundreds of U of T students, faculty, and staff are embracing it. The new plan to wellness? Eat bar after bar of unsalted, churned butter.

The new diet, started by Connor Cameron of Winnipeg, a nutritionist and former fatty, stems from the belief that by eating ungodly amounts of butter, the stomach will shut down and cease seeking nourishment, resulting in fast, effective weight loss. The diet, known as "The Butter Belt", has been featured in several books and the ever-popular *People* magazine.

In a recent face-to-face session at his downtown flat - filled with a large collection of Rubens reprints - Cameron shed some light on how his diet was different from other fad diets, such as *Atkins*, *Weight Watchers* and the Zone.

"The primary difference is the science behind it," Cameron said. "The designer butter I sell is all natural, and has almost no sugar in it. It is a proven fact that the body will begin to shed pounds - some say degenerate - after a period

of intense exposure to trans-fats. While people do bloat up at first, they will get rid of it eventually."

"Bloat," Cameron repeated to himself several times. His eyes glassed over as he stroked his stomach, and those present took this as their (very creepy) cue to leave.

Meanwhile, proponents of the diet say that it is a welcome change from their previous weight loss experiences.

"I once tried eating less and exercising," said a blob that claimed to be called Thomas Whitaker - an office assistant at the registrar's office in the 'bloat' stage of the butter belt diet. "But after I stopped, I just gained all the weight back! That's why I'm going with the butter belt." Whitaker then coughed for several minutes. His jiggling folds achieved resonance with the windows of a nearby hospital, incurring five thousand dollars worth of damage.

The Toile went to ask nutrition professor Genevieve Syme for her take on the diet. Her house was empty, but written in what we hope was melted

chocolate on the walls of her living room were the words: "My tears shall salt the earth and turn to ruin the decadence of this falling age."

Strong words, but proponents have argued that the mathematics of obesity in Canada and across the world are irrefutable. In the past ten years, obesity rates have skyrocketed, and the population needs a silver bullet for citizens to achieve their dreams of looking like professional underwear models.

"It's a lot of work," said man-mountain Shane Dawson, a psychology major at UTM. "But if you want results you have to stick to it. With the butter belt diet, the butter coats your mouth as you eat, and it takes a real effort to force it down there. You get these pains in your chest too, but you just gotta keep working at it."

Dawson's eyes gleamed, and he grinned bravely with a mouth coated with grease, "You gotta keep working."

- Gordon Freeman

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## "Give Me My Refund!!"

The following letter was found in our office in an envelope which simply read "Aveeenge Meece!". It has been printed here without edits or modifications.

Dear Shuang Pharmaceutical Inc, I'm writing to ask for a refund and a reversal on my penis enlargement procedure, something I've been trying to do for the past month. I've been chasing you for weeks now and I'm quite fed up.

I'm sending this as a last warning before I take legal action, and publish our correspondences to showcase your poor customer service. To bring you up to speed, I responded to your offer for penis enlargement on July 18th of this year and the operation was performed (night I say, with a total lack of professionalism). What kind of qualified surgeon asks "should I take a sniff of this anaesthetic too?" on July 24th. At first I lived every man's greatest dream. My girlfriend loved it, my friends all thought I was "the man", and it was a great ice-breaker at parties.

But all too soon it became apparent that it was too good to be true. I first noticed it when I tried to go for a jog. First, I couldn't find a pair of shorts long enough to cover my manhood as I ran, and was forced to jog in those god-awful track pants. They made that annoying polyester sound as I ran...you know...that "kreesh-kreesh" sound. Even worse, after only a few steps I realized that I couldn't run well at all with my junk dangling down one pant leg. I haven't been able to get a good workout all month. I can't sit on a bike without banging away at my little guy with the pedals. I can't even run to catch the bus anymore. I've gained 20 pounds and I am goddamn miserable.

As a much more immediate health threat, consider the case of my first post-operation shower. Everything went swimmingly until I went to step out of the shower, at which point I slipped on my lovestick and found myself heading for a surprise meeting with Mr. Concussion. Luckily, I avoided the undesirable fate of lying

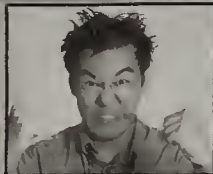
on the bathroom floor bleeding from the head by grabbing onto a nearby towel rack. I can't live a normal life if I'm forced to try to avoid all the crazy ways this penis can kill me.

Furthermore, there was the incident after my girlfriend told me she was "too tired": having lost that option, I snuck off to the bathroom to, uh, choke the proverbial hishop and found that I couldn't even get both hands around my new purchase. What am I supposed to do, pleasure myself with a lubed up bula hoop?!! At no point during the medical consultation did anyone tell me that this procedure would rob me of my most cherished pastime. This is absolutely unacceptable. That being said, I am sorry for the events of that night. I admit that breaking into the surgeon's home and threatening to "beat him to a pulp with the tree trunk in my pants" wasn't a sensible way to ask for a refund.

Speaking of bathrooms, it's become a goddamn mission just to use a public restroom. I can't enjoy the efficiency of the urinal anymore, seeing as how my hardware requires me to be standing a good 2 feet from the wall. And don't even get me started on stalls. Whoever designed those tiny cells of discomfort must have been a human factors imbecile. So I've been forced to point my piss directly downward at urinals, and let me tell you something, even a \$400 pair of leather shoes doesn't look classy covered in pee splatters.

Next came the incident at the Flailing Seal Club. To spare you the details, I'm quite a vigorous dancer when I go out with my girlfriend, and three people went to the hospital with broken ribs and dislocated shoulders. I'm now being brought to court on three counts of aggravated assault. Once again, I was never warned about the possibility of this during the medical consult.

The other day I tried to get to my office using the elevator. It was only a co-worker's sharp reflexes



Unhappy Customer

in hitting the "Open Door" button that saved me from having my junk squashed in the door. Since then, I've had to walk up to my office (on the 37th floor) using the stairs, dragging the cause of my misery the whole way.

Also, I'm no master of perception, but I'm pretty sure having this huge crotch pipe makes me look shorter. My face feels like some tiny baby-face next to the rest of me, and I feel so weird and disproportionate. Is that normal?

When my girlfriend and I do get it on, we like to talk and communicate in bed. But now every time we're intimate I'm holding her at arm's length like it's slow dance time at the Junior Prom. That's on a day when I'm not very stimulated. When we get really hot and heavy, I've got to pay long distance charges just to get in touch with her. I'm not even exaggerating; if I get an erection and I'm walking south, my penis finds itself in a mysterious land where all money is green and everyone's waving the star-spangled banner. The border guard even had the nerve to ask me to pay a custom's fee when I tried to get it back in Canuck territory.

So there it is. I hope I've made my current discomfort clear. If you don't respond to me in a timely manner, I'll be forced to sue you for malpractice and publish this letter in every publication that can get it past their censors. I just want my life back. I hope you do the right thing.

Sincerely,  
Hugh G. Recton

- Howitzer Thundertockle

## Presenting the Digitally Remastered Classic



## Shittler On the Roof



## Huge Penis Awareness Month

### Signs you may have Huge Penis Disorder:

- Partner's increased sexual satisfaction
- Mysterious rips in pants
- Staring from general public
- Huge penis
- Huge feet
- Sexual activity happens in another timezone
- Sunny on tip of penis, snowy on testicles
- Clowns present in ejaculate
- Calls to partner result in long distance charges
- Canada Post assigns your penis its own area code
- NORAD has gotten used to picking you up as a radar contact
- Airplanes are diverted from your airspace when you have an erection
- Large Gorillas climb your penis to fight off airplanes



## Volunteers Needed

For research study  
on the effect of  
brick on penis



BOP Research is performing a  
study on the effects of bricks on  
male genitalia.

**IF YOU HAVE A PENIS,  
YOU ARE ELIGIBLE**

Call 1-800-555-DICK  
(1-800-555-3485)

### Non-Disabled People

- March in rallies against rights for disabled people
- Dance Dance Revolution
- Walk
- Go to a walk-in clinic
- Slam dunk
- Run up a set of stairs in triumph
- Achieve 90+ APM in Starcraft II
- Go into space
- Lose the ability to walk in a horrible accident
- Attend "Standing Room Only" Events
- Participate in a Mexican wave
- Tap dance, ballroom dance

### Disabled People

- Wheelchair wheelies
- Take the best parking spots
- Play with people's guilt
- Prove a televangelist's healing powers by miraculously rising from your chair
- Ramp anything you goddamn want
- Not get yelled at for ramping anything you want
- Get huge arms. So big you wouldn't believe
- Get snacks from the kitchen without having to get up
- Feel like a champion when you pull through the tough times
- Break dance. Yeah, you heard me. Oh, you can spin, you say? Watch this, poser.
- Be the "First disabled person to \_\_\_\_\_" (all the normal records are taken)

- Damen Abraham



# Live and Let Diarrhea:

or: Diarrhea Another Day/Diarrhea Never Dies/From Your Colon with Love

The following is a transcript from this year's Annual International Bacteria and Virus Consortium.

**Bacteriophage Bill:** Alright boys, we really fucked up this year. (murmurs of agreement)

**Salmonella:** We have to top swine flu. That was a disaster.

**Ebola:** It was an improvement over bird flu.

**Mono:** But it didn't work. What's our next plan of attack?

**Salmonella:** Uhhh... Dog flu?

**Bacteriophage Bill:** No more animals!

**Ebola:** Tree flu?

**Bacteriophage Bill:** No more flus!

**Red Death:** Tree pig?

**E. coli:** But how will we get him to destroy humanity?

**Mono:** Well, if he's really really big, we could -

**Salmonella:** Enough. Enough with the tree pig.

**Ebola:** Tree bird?

**Bacteriophage Bill:** No. We need a new disease. A pandemic.

Something serious. Something that will *devastate* mankind.

**E. coli:** ... What if we make a guy shit his pants five times a day?

**Red Death:** Yeah! Can we?! Please?

**Bacteriophage Bill:** No. We need to hit them where they can't recover. We're here to take over the world!

**Mono:** I'm here to watch some guy shit himself uncontrollably!

**Bacteriophage Bill:** Ooh! I've got it! I think we should attack the brain, take out the nervous system first.

**Salmonella:** I THINK HE SHOULD SHIT HIMSELF!

**Ebola:** YEAH!

**Mono:** For HOURS!

**Bacteriophage Bill:** Okay, fine, and after those first hours, we'll get serious. We'll take over the nervous system and --

**Salmonella:** Let's make him hungry!

**Bacteriophage Bill:** What?

**Red Death:** If he's hungry, he'll eat! And then after he eats...

**Mono:** He'll shit himself again!

**Salmonella:** Yeah! Shit pants! Shit pants! Shit pants!

**Bacteriophage Bill:** Enough! Listen to me, we're not going to rule the world by making people shit themselves.

**Red Death:** They can shit on other people too!

**Mono:** Yeah!

**E. coli:** Shit! Pants! Shit! Pants! Shit! Pants! Shit! Pants!

**Salmonella:** Uncontrollable shitting on other people!

**Mono:** Yeeaaaahhh!

**Ebola:** OK, does everyone agree on this?

**Salmonella:** SHIT! PANTS! SHIT! PANTS! SHIT!

**Bacteriophage Bill:** Fine, fine, fine! Let's try it out this year.

Next year we'll do the brain thing. So, what shall we call this one?

**E. coli:** ... Poo flu?

- Jason Johnson, Howitzer Thundertackle

# Why the Obesity Crisis Continues to Expand

There are many theories as to why much of the developed world is seeing a rise in obesity within its population. Some suggest our new, energy-rich foods; others, our sedentary lifestyle; yet others claim that "these kids haven't been in a real war, that's why they're all sissy man-babies!". But I'm here to tell you why the number of obese people is really increasing: it's a simple matter of flow in and flow out. People are born, and they die. Some die peacefully in their beds, while others take their own lives using intricate methods that look like what would result if Edgar Allan Poe and Rube Goldberg sat down and had a good brainstorm. And although people from all sorts of places and backgrounds commit suicide, it is the obese who have the most difficult, nay, an impossible time with committing suicide. Let's take a gander at some tried-and-true suicide methods to see why:

**Drowning:** It's quite easy to drown. You find a body of deep water and stop moving completely. You soon find yourself sinking to your sweet watery grave. But of course, sinking is all a matter of density, and as has been proven in recent scientific experiments, "fat floats". So it looks like Davy Jones's Locker has gotta be a pretty fat-free place.

**Sleeping Pills** (and other tox-

ins): Pop quiz - why don't sleeping pills kill everyone who takes them? Because you have to take the lethal dose for it to happen. (If you were actually anticipating the answer to that question with curiosity then you're pretty retarded. I mean, I guess you're at least literate, to be reading this, but you ain't got much else going for you) Anyways, with larger people who can soak up a ton of toxins, it becomes a fuck-in' mission to try and wolf down the lethal dose. Scratch that one off the list.

**Guns:** After all that ice cream and all those chilli dogs, it's nice to wash it all down with a .22 cal soft-point round. Yup, to certain dismayed members of the obese community, nothing beats the taste of cold steel in your mouth. The temple is also a nice spot. Then when you do it, you have the added benefit of freakin' the shit of the monks when they come in for prayer the next morning. But of course, as our brave protagonist reaches for the trigger - What's this? His chubby fingers can't fit in the trigger guard! Gun safety be damned! Many people have ended up in this embarrassing situation: the note is written, their will is in order, and at the last second, their curse becomes their savior...

**Hanging:** I will concede that with dedication, it is possible to pull this one off. For those few

brave souls who really hang in there [Ed. .D], there might be hope, and a sure death, at the end of the rope. But the major flaw here is that you're suspending your entire body weight from a single rope and a single support beam. As Hooke's theory of beams states, "when the moments at the center of the beam become too great, the beam will fail in either tension or compression across half the section, depending on the material, at which point it is compromised and loses its resistance to moment." And for the other half of the equation, consult Dread Pirate Percy's Handbook of Ropes and Knots, which says "Don't hang that whale by yee rope, tis a large and blubburous abomination! Fetch a BBQ instead, yar!" As both these old tomes of wisdom show, there's almost no viable way to find a rope and a beam strong enough to support a large person.

In conclusion, fat suicide goes up there along with Santa Clause, the Tooth Fairy, and true love. There's only one way to fight the obesity crisis: by making newer, better burgers, chips, and junk food that deliver even more great flavour as well as more fat, sugar, and salt. Let them go out in a diabetic glow, a heart attack blowout! It'll even make the world a more delicious place! Everyone wins! EVERYONE!

- Howitzer Thundertackle

# A First Hand Account of Alzheimer's Disease, Written by Someone with Alzheimer's

When I first got diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease, I cried. I think. The thought of living with Alzheimer's was devastating. How would I be able to live my day to day life when I couldn't remember things anymore? What did I have for breakfast? Where am I? Hello? Seriously, where am I? Is anybody there? What's this machine that I'm putting my fingers on? It looks like a television. What's a television? Hey. How am I putting my thoughts onto this screen with my fingers? What's a fingers? Whoa! These buttons have letters on them! Is this the future? Jdpgbllepp wkep biwjaobc.

The second time I got diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease was a lot like the first. It was like I was finding out about Alzheimer's for the first time. The first time, I locked myself up in a room and drank. The second time, I cried. I think. I think... that

dogs should always get to play with other dogs. Dog are interesting because they are animals. Did you know that? Sometimes I learn things that other people know for facts. The doctors teach me things sometimes. I am not a dog. I am not a crook. Nixon. Nixon is a camera company. Sometimes I get my x's and my k's mixed up. The doctors say this is not dyslexia but more like word Alzheimer's. I forget what certain letters do. Letters do not send as fast as email. Where am I? Hello? Oh, this chair is a chair.

Hello? Anybody?! If there's anybody reading this, please help me. I'm trapped. I'm in a room with a sleep mattress and this television thoughts writing machine, and I don't know how to get out. Where am I?! How did I get here? They're trapped me here! I'm stuck forever! HELP ME. I'm going to die! HELP!

My son is a juggler. He lives upstairs. I like my room. It has everything I need. A bed and a lap-top. I love it here.

I had eggs for breakfast.

I had pancakes for breakfast. I do not like eggs. I think.

The third time I got diagnosed with Alzheimer's was a lot like the second. Which was a lot like the first. I thought it was the first time I had been diagnosed. I cried. Have I ever had waffles?

My son tells me I have to go to the doctor now. He's such a good boy. I'm happy he's here. I like our time together. Doctor? I don't know why I have to go, I'm a perfectly healthy and normal functioning human being. I wonder what the doctor wants from me?

- Jason Johnson

# TOIKE-WEAR



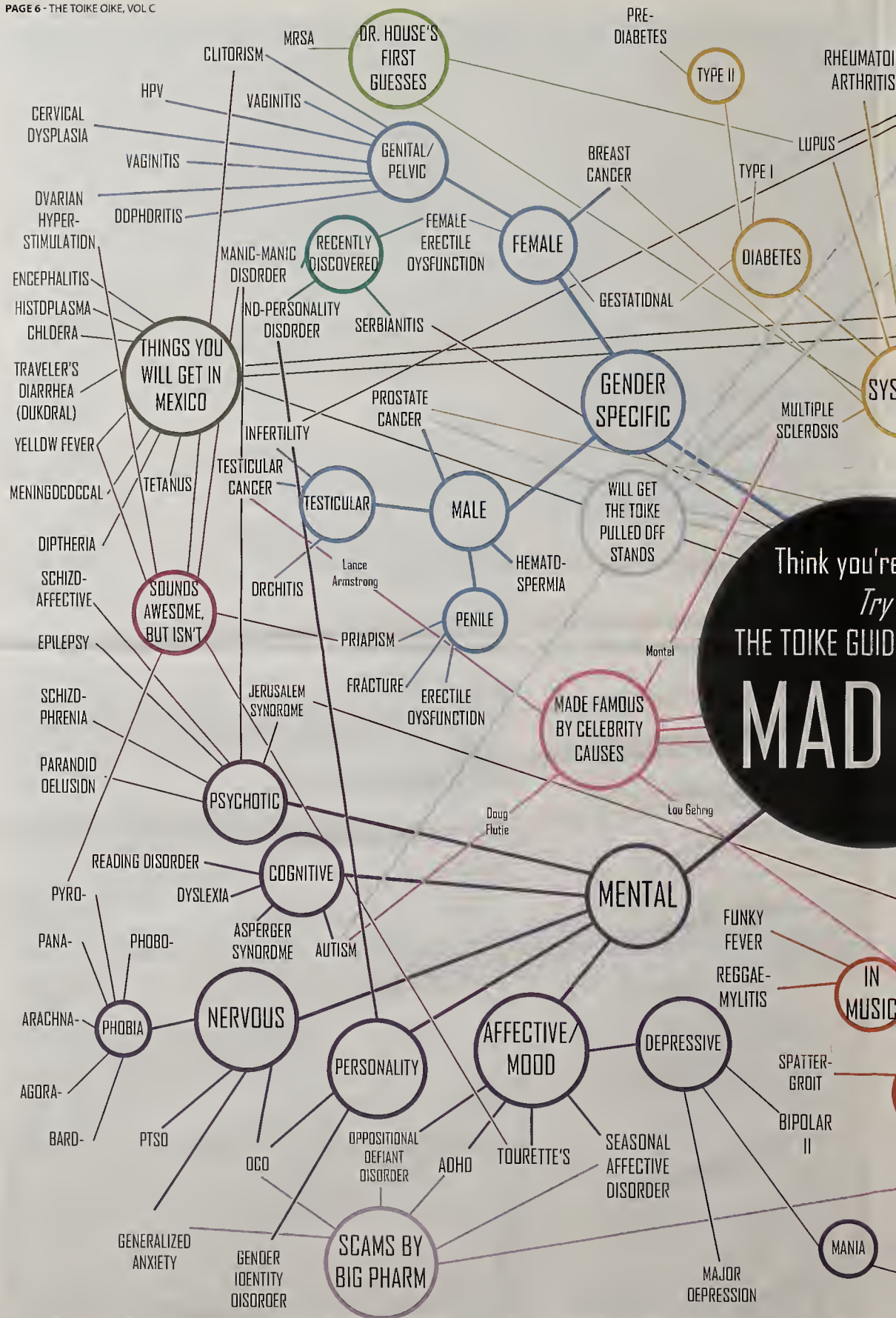
COMING SOON!

## Joke Attempt #1

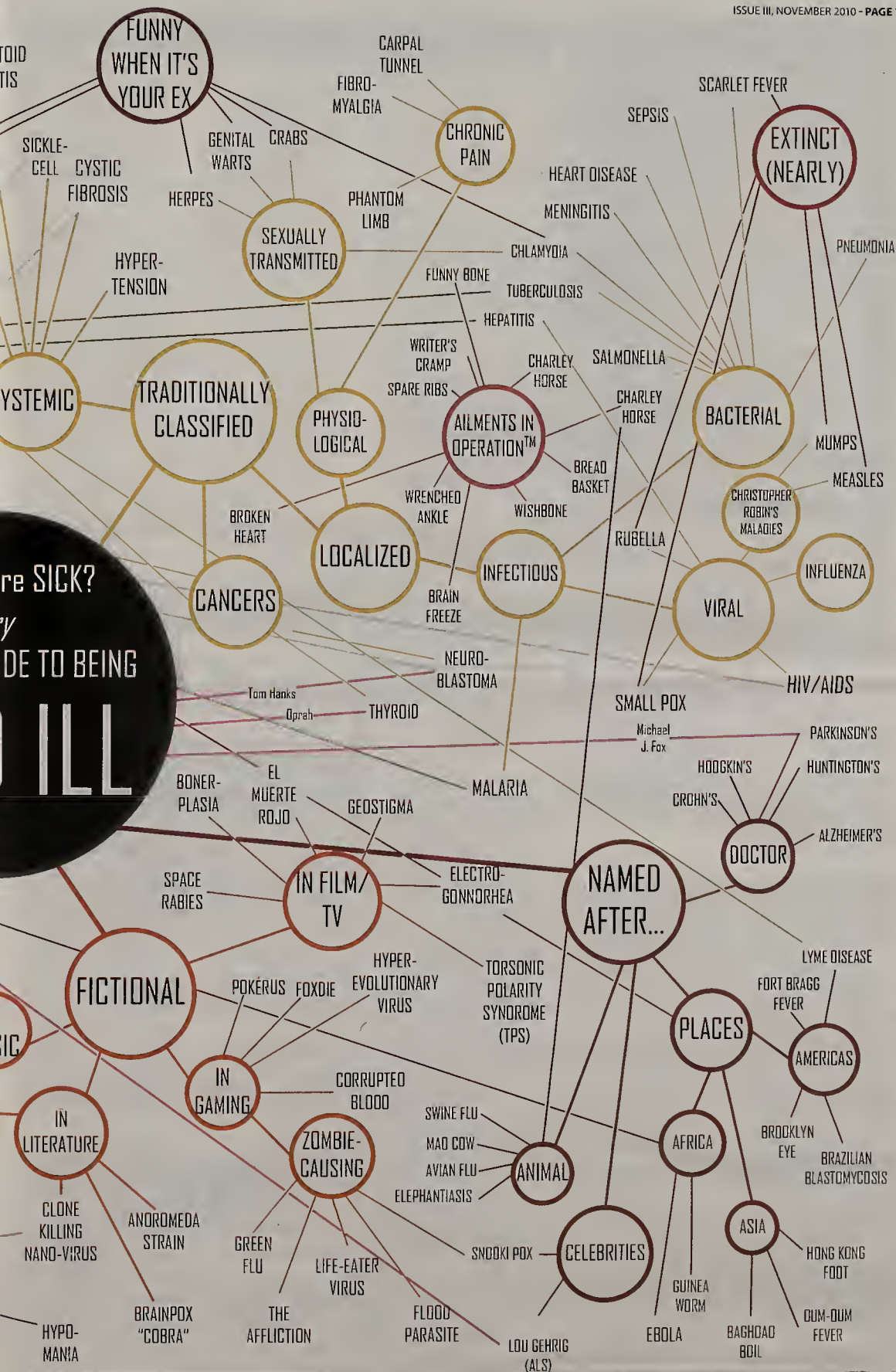
So the Dalai Lama is visiting UoTT and the Honourable David Peterson gives him a UoTT scarf. As they are shaking hands, Peterson tells the Dalai Lama a joke, and he laughs heartily!

- Wigwum Sacapuntas

[Ed. Sorry Wigwum, we can't run this joke because something like this actually happened and we can't make fun of real things anymore]







# IF YOU SAW 500 MILLION DICKS AT THE SAME TIME YOUR FACE WOULD ALSO LOOK LIKE THIS

the dick network

by Jason Johnson

## The Game of the Name

There's a game that we here at the Toike enjoy thoroughly: an intellectual pitting of your wits against your friends, a trial of endurance and stamina, and a roaring good time. The rules are simple:

Try to make funny versions of movie titles by inserting one word, such as "dick", "vagina", "fuck", or whatever your heart desires, into the titles. The goal is to make everyone laugh.

Also, you might end up thinking up an amazing movie concept. In that case prepare for a long, hard, sweaty intellectual property suit as we try to claim your idea as our own. But until then, here are some of our favorites to start you off.

Happy Renaming!

### FUCK

*Fear and Fucking in Los Vegas*  
*Fuckopolypse Now!*  
*Lock, Stock, and two Fucking Barrels*  
*Red Fucktober*  
*The Sound of Fucking*  
*Austin Powers: The Fuck Who Spied Me*

\*\*\*

### VAGINA

*Vag-aws II*  
*V for Vagina*  
*Spoce Vagina*  
*Vogino Street II: Vogino Never Sleeps*  
*20,000 Voginos Under the Seos*

### DICK

*Dick Dick (From Moby Dick)*  
*Dickago*  
*Dick and Other Dick's Excellent Adventure*  
*King Dong*  
*GoldenDick*  
*Dicks vs. Predators*  
*You've Got Mole Genitolio*  
*Dicktostic Four*

\*\*\*

And finally, as an example of the most high-browed use of the C-word ever:

*"Now is the winter of our dis-cunt-ent."*

Who says the Toike isn't classy?

- Everyone

## Unexpected Angel Appears in Chile

Eager crowds gathered around the rescue site last week as the capsule containing the first of 33 buried miners was prudently hoisted to the surface. For the information of those readers living under 700 meters of rock, this hapless bunch was trapped deep underground for 69 days after the mine they were labouring in suddenly collapsed, plunging them into an unimaginable plight which captivated sympathetic onlookers worldwide.

On the night of their long-awaited ascent, an estimated 1 billion viewers tuned in to witness what would surely be an unforgettable unfolding of events, and were by no means left short of this expectation. As the capsule breached ground level, a mysterious plume of multi-coloured smoke rose with it, leading many to mistakenly fear an equipment malfunction. An even stranger accompaniment, however, was the onset of an oddly familiar but out-of-place genre of rock music that grew in intensity as the pod now became fully emerged.

no, it couldn't be; even he wouldn't stoop this low", Jose Alvarez, a spectator at the scene, recalls. "But then the doors of the capsule slid open and it was unmistakable. Only one man can get away with wearing that much jewelry."

As the world stood watching, incredulously agape, Criss Angel casually stepped forth from the capsule, clad in nothing but leather and silver, biting into the remains of an apple he had been eating on the way up.

After the half-hour silence that ensued, most of which time was spent by many reconsidering their notions of reality, the crowd in attendance unanimously rushed upon Mr. Angel in an indignant frenzy. Not surprisingly, before they were upon him he had already reconfigured into a flock of doves that unassumingly fluttered away in all directions. All that was left was a program listing indicating the premier date of his show's next season, and a chill breeze.

In an effort to make sense of what had just transpired

before them, the spreading murmur of "no fucking way" amidst the crowd seemed to signify that a general consensus had been reached.

Perhaps even more perplexing is that, upon subsequent survey of the collapsed cavern, not a soul was to be found; but later that night, when each distraught miner-wife returned home, they were greeted from the couch by a husband wondering where dinner had been for the past two months.

Physicists, geologists, engineers, and shamans alike could propose no explanation for the enigmatic events that came to pass on that unholy night, but the séance scheduled to be conducted this Friday could shed some light on the matter.

Though much, if not all surrounding this occurrence remains yet shrouded in mystery, one thing is certain:

We've all been Chilean Mine-Freaked.

- Reginald Powerdome

### Joke Attempt #2

So this kindergarten student is using his crayons during colouring time and brings the finished product to show his teacher. His teacher says "You didn't colour your paper, you've coloured Tommy's arm!"

- Wigum Sacapuntos

[Ed. Sorry again Wigum, there is no way we can print this one. You use the word coloured, which is obviously a racist gesture. Racism is no joke, clean up your act]

## There Can Only Be One

Earlier this month, the Toike heard the story of (the real life person) Zablun Simintov. After much deliberation with EngSoc, and presenting our case that the situation was "so freakin' cute and funny at the same time", we acquired funding to travel to Afghanistan and interview Mr. Simintov.

Toike: So, for our readers who don't know, you are purported to be the last remaining Jewish person in Afghanistan.

Zablun: Yup.

Toike: Sounds like you had to do some terrible things to lock down that title...

Zablun: What?...Oh no, I never killed anyone. They all just moved away.

Toike: Oh. So, how does it feel?

Zablun: Honestly? It's like a Jewish version of *Home Alone*. I just woke up one morning and my whole silly family had gone to New York, leaving me here to use a rag tag assortment of methods to fight off a bunch of mean Muslims.

Toike: The neighbors don't like you?

Zablun: Nah, I just made that part up for the analogy. They bring me things I wouldn't be able to go and get myself. Some of them try to get me to convert, but Islam is so mainstream around here.

Toike: You're just a hodgepodge of stereotypes aren't you? So I hear that for some time there were two of you?

Zablun: Yeah, old Levin. I tried to help him move somewhere warmer, and even offered to take care of the synagogue he was in charge of. He thought I was trying to take over his synagogue. How does that even make sense?! There's only the two of us left, who else is going to come to the synagogue?!

Toike: Hmm, makes sense.

Zablun: It'd be like me offering to take over his bikini shop! It's not like I'd make a killing from it in this country...I bet he'd still be suspicious.

Toike: Metaphors. Brief and cutting.

Zablun: With him, you'd think we were on some kind of "Jewish Survivor". Replace out-of-place urban Americans with Jews and a tropical island with a desert and you've got our situation. And he wanted to be the last Jew standing.

Toike: Well you showed him.

Zablun: Nah, old age showed him. I was 34 years younger. It was no contest.

Toike: So how does the whole kosher thing work for you? Isn't the nearest Rabbi a few hundred kilometers away?

(Continued Next Page)

"I remember thinking:



(Continued From Previous Page)

**Zablon:** Yeah, in Uzbekistan for Yaweh's sake. I'm not going there every time I get the munchies and want a hamburger. It's the bad side of this continent. So I got him to bless me to slaughter my own meat in the kosher way.

**Toike:** If anything it's HIS job to come and help you isn't it?

**Zablon:** Yeah, he's a bit of a douche. I think he might be waiting for me to move to take over my synagogue-

**Toike:** Heyoi!

**Zablon:** Yeah, whoa...now I'm starting to think like that...What the hell?

**Toike:** Maybe it's just part of the pressure of being the only Jewish guy in Afghanistan?

**Zablon:** Pffft, the only pressure I get is a monthly pamphlet in the mail saying "Islam for the Interested, ZABI'ON". That's fine. They're just being friendly. But it's nothing compared to the perks. Do you know how much shit I get away with by saying that it's "part of my religion"? Paying for food? Not in Jewish law. Waiting in line? Not under Jewish law. Oh man, I even once convinced this guy to carry me home because Jews aren't allowed to use their legs on the sabbath! AND it was a Wednesday!

**Toike:** You're an example for pranksters everywhere Zablon.

**Zablon:** Well, I do my best. It's just like *Home Alone* again, when he goes in the shop and that nasty old woman is like "shouldn't you be in school?"

**Toike:** You don't have a lot of movies do you? So I hear you still have a job? As a carpet trader?

**Zablon:** Yeah, I don't want to take advantage of anyone, I just like having fun.

**Toike:** So...instead of trading baseball cards you trade carpets?

**Zablon:** Yeah. I've got a nice collection of first editions in my house. And in my bedroom there's this ultra cool holographic carpet I once found in Kabul. I told the guy that by Jewish law I had to either take that carpet or his wife.

**Toike:** Nice one.

**Zablon:** He tried to give me his wife! I couldn't contain it any longer so I told him I was just making it up and the two of us ended up rolling around in laughter for a good 10 minutes. His name's Karmatullah, we're pretty chummy now. Gonna go catch the game tonight actually. You wanna come?

**Toike:** Nope. I'm afraid we've gotta get going. Thanks for talking to us Zablon.

**Zablon:** Sure thing. Keep it loose my friends. Don't be afraid to stand out and be awesome.

-Houitzer Thundertackle, Brogan TC

## Uninformed Opinion: Drunken Rants abo\_t Anything and Ev\_rything

**PANDAS!** Seriously. I love them. HOWEVER!, med sci students hate pandas. Their second year lab CHE269 is called Ethics of Animal testing, DOUBLE HOWEER! It's actually a LAB, ON PANDAS! They take cute pandas, did I mention they're PANDAS! And experiment horrible things on them, such as: perfumes, make-up, hair dyes, and new vasectomy techniques. I REALLY LIKE READING THINGS IN CAPITALS AS I WRITE THEM. IT MAKES ME FEEL IMPORTANT. YES! PANDAS. So pandas are white and black and SQUIRREL, and they're also cute and did I mention that 76% of medical procedures that are performed on humans are actually practices 29% of the time on pandas rather than other such animals such as dogs, cats, SQUIRRELS, or octopuses which surprisingly make up 86% of all animal testing. I think the only thing bad about pandas is on occasion they will come in contact with bacteria and go extinct and they'll take other of us with them as they fucking sink. Fuck-

ing bacteria, my son had this bacterial infection once, it spread to the whole school and school was out, but not for summer, for little kiddies having rashes. I don't understand how this could happen, I'm not a doctor, all I know is that now my daughter also has an infection and can't get enough of KFC. But seriously bacteria, what the fuck, my throat hurts somewhat right now. What's that you say? That's a virus? FUCK YOU, YOU ASS RAPING DICK HUMPING, MOTHERASSING DRUNK WHORING, URETHRA SPELUNKING, ANUS MOUTH. Maybe it is possible I have a virus infection, but you know what? That fucking, pill thing, from Osmosis Jones, he's going to fucking, you know, like, shoot the virus with his, like, blaster thingy, thing. But yea, fucking pandas, I cuddle the shit out of them. Medical studies have concluded that cuddling with pandas almost makes up for being a medical science drone 69.2% of the time. Not often enough I say... not often enough.

- Chip Splatmaster

Coming November 16th:



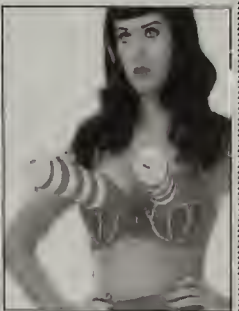
I Can't Make the  
**\$ RENT \$**

Opening outside of the Princess of Wales Theatre.

Call now for tickets

## A Musical Moment, with Professor Vinyl Twistagroove

*"In my extensive opinion, Kate Perry is the breast thing to happen to music since Madonna."*



*"This has been... A Musical Moment, with Prof ssor Vinyl Twist groove"*

## PERSONAL HYGIENE: HOW T \_STOP THAT ITCHING

We've all had that feeling before: you just took a dump, you flushed, you might have washed your hands, and you left. But it's not just you that's left; there's still some poo there, and boy does it itch. To help you solve this difficult problem, we've come up with the most common media and methods to wipe your ass in order to prevent excessive residue from building up.

### THE MEDIUM

**THE HAND:** The original and most common material, you just reach back and pick it clean. Not recommended for those with Parkinson's Disease.

**THE LEAF:** Originating right after people discovered that poo covered pants are just as bad as not wiping, leaves are nature's greener, rougher toilet paper. Recommended varieties include: banana (good for folding) and oak (good coverage). Not recommended: poison oak, poison elm, poison ivy, really just anything with poison in the name is a bad idea. Bonus: salads come ready dressed!

**THE FORK:** Coming out of the Iron Age, the fork is a unique example of European failure.

While useful for picking up mush (think mashed potatoes), the fork cannot also wipe the blood away from the deep gashes it leaves.

*Style Tip: To impress guests, stock your washrooms with 3-prong forks instead of the standard 4-prong.*

**TOILET PAPER:** Originally a Native American idea, wiping one's ass with birch bark was the greatest innovation before sliced bread (1928). Since then, we've decimated old-growth forests in the pursuit of a poo-free society. Chalk up another ecological disaster that's the fault of Native Americans.

### THE METHOD

**NOT WIPING:** The most simplistic and pragmatic method, it actually causes more work after the fact, when you scratch your ass every 10 seconds and have to think of witty, non-self-incriminating retorts to, "what smells like shit in here? Is that you?", "Oh my god! It actually smells like you shat yourself", and my personal favourite, "so I smell you're into anal \*nudge, nudge, wink, wink\*"

**DABBING (AKA DIPPING/RIMMING):**

It doesn't work. Don't try it. Seriously.

**UP-DOWN/BACK-TO-FRONT:** With your wiping medium, gently (or, depending on your personal tastes, very roughly) wipe from the top of your ass-crack to the bottom. Disadvantages of this method may include: getting shit on your balls.

**DOWN-UP:** The most widespread method, with your medium, wipe from the bottom of your crack to the top, drawing out as you pass the anus. Benefits include cleanliness and time-efficiency.

**SIDE TO SIDE:** The least common method involves wiping from one side of the crack to the other. Direction depends of your dominant hand. Disadvantages include taking a long time while other people really need to go, and wiping your ass ass-backwards.

In conclusion, we hope this aids you in your quest for cleanliness and to get your girlfriend to stop telling you that you smell like shit. Now she can focus on your looks and her own low standards. Happy wiping!

-Jake Shelton

### Joke Attempt #3

So a woman and her boyfriend walk into a bar and ask if they can have a table. The bartender looks up at the woman and says "for two?". "Yes," the woman replies and they sit down and have a beer and some quesadillas and a wonderful time.

- Wigwum Sacapuntas

[Ed. Sorry Wigwum, we can't print that joke. It sounds like you are going to make a joke about a woman in the beginning because you make reference to a woman going into a bar and the implication of slandering a woman is just wrong.]



## Advice Columnn:

### I'll List\_n If It Will St\_p Your Whining

Do you have low self-esteem? Of course you do. Do you have a hilarious physical defect? Needle dick? Mosquito bite tits? Welcome to advice column with Victor Übermensch, psychoanalyst extraordinaire. Victor's thorough insight puts the "anal" back in "psychoanalysis". Victor's been helping desperate basket cases such as you since before the Christians had a God. Feel free to write, and now, please enjoy the misery of your fellow man:

Dear Vic: I am finding it so hard to get things done. I keep pushing them to a later date. I feel so anxious before completing a task that I can never get around to doing it (I was supposed to send you this letter last year, but you know). The guilt is stressing me out. Please help.  
- Paul Rocrastinator

Dear P. Rocrastinator: Hmm, that seems to be a problem many of us suffer from. I promise to deal with your problem as soon as possible starting next week. Seriously, the first thing I'll do when I get up next Monday is to find a suitable solution for your difficulty, immediately, ASAP.

Dear Vic: I want a social life! I wanna get laid! I wanna have a steady girlfriend too! I thought naming my laptop Nancy and making out with it in my basement would solve all my social problems but after our last "hanky panky" disaster, Nancy has reverted to activating "sticky keys" whenever "turned on".  
- Repressed EngSci

Dear Disgruntled EngSci: First of all, serves you right for thinking you were better than all of us. The solution -- 2 words: Engineering Transfer!

Dear Vic: We just don't get it! We are the "Official Engineering Newspaper". We have classier articles! We have Sudoku puzzles with letters instead of numbers. Yeah! Letters! Can you believe it?! We have Crosswords (with words not numbers). We have themes that are relevant to Engineering Students! But we've got fewer readers than we've got editors. Please advise.  
- The Cannon

Dear Cannon: Man! I understand! I really do! I think the main problem is that you are trying to compete with another paper with a head editor who is actually a reincarnated demon from hell. What you need to do is to kidnap the him, feed him poison, castrate him, stab him multiple times, blow his brains out, wrap him in chains and sink him to the bottom of a lake, then perform some exorcism rituals to make sure he does not miraculously survive. [Ed. Ha, you're missing so much]

Dear Vic: Oh God! Oh God! Mary Jane and I were having sex for the first time...and...well...I just learned that I could use my sticky

dick to scale the New York skyline. I hate these superpowers!!! Please Help!!!!  
- Your Friendly Neighborhood Spiderman

Dear Spiderman: This is exactly why you should use a condom. With great power comes great responsibility, mate.

Dear Vic: When will my voice crack, balls drop, and will I finally grow a beard?  
- Justin Bieber

Dear Justin: Though I sympathize with you, I still hate you and your fucking songs, you little bastard! If you want the aforementioned to take place you've got to: stop singing retarded songs in a high pitched voice with lame titles that sound like "Enie Meenie" which are so obviously targeted at teenage sluts with an I.Q. < 70. Secondly, wait for your obviously delayed puberty. Thirdly, take up a more useful career like...I dunno...A crash test dummy, perhaps?

Dear Vic: How can I get a job?  
- Unemployed Ryerson Engineer

Dear Unemployed Ryerson Engineer: First of all, the fact that you went to Ryerson to obtain an engineering degree proves that there is certainly no valid reason you should get a job! In my opinion instead of trying to get employed try ending your life. That is the only way you can do some good for the world and yourself. Try performing mental multiplication. If that doesn't send your feeble brain cells into an aneurysm then try running headlong into a wall.

Dear Vic: Yo no me gusta saying "¿Qu desea fries with that?" hundred times a day and flipping las hamburguesas throughout the week. Es boring. I want a real job!  
-Indy Cuatro Year

Dear Indy: Serves you right you lazy twat! You spent all your time lying around with all those Spanish bonita hermosas while the rest of us slaved away, doing triple integrals and long derivations all day, so va a la mierda amigo! [Ed: How am I supposed to edit a language I don't know?! Stop talking crazy talk]

Dear Vic: I would like to stop being so boring and be more respected by the other countries for once, eh?  
-Canada

Dear Canada: Here is a step by step process to increasing other countries respect for you. 1) Add 'United States of' before your name. 2) Vote in an incompetent Republican moron with a surname that sounds like Tush. 3) Bomb some random unknown Middle Eastern country rich in mineral deposits claiming that they are developing weapons of mass destruction. 4) If the U.N. questions your actions bomb them too! 4) Impeach the idiot you put up in the first place and then put a

Democratic left-handed homosexual black woman in his place to piss off the Republicans. Booyah!!!

Dear Vic: I just cannot understand why you prefer Limits over me. I mean, that back stabbing bitch is where she is today because of me, you know?  
-Delta-Epsilon

Dear Delta-Epsilon: It's not me, it's you. You are just too hard to understand. Your emotional complexities are too hard for me to comprehend. I think it's better for both of us to stop seeing each other from now on...

Dear Vic: Oh lawd Jeebus Krust on a stick!!! I knew I shouldn't have mixed the weed and the shrooms!!!! Dear God, I'm tripping so hard that I am seeing triple of everything, especially da ugly hoe in front of me. Oh noes! Help me St.Vic! What. My pecker is trying to talk to me with an Irish accent? HAAALPH!!!!!!  
-Stoned Fratboy

Dear Stoned Fratboy: There are 2 ways to solve this problem:  
1) The boring way: Wait it out, then make solemn vows never to get stoned again, take up Buddhism, and travel around the world preaching about the glories of abstinence.  
2) Recommended: Keep snorting another dose of da coke ma homie until you O.D! Now wait for the sweet, sweet fingers of death to claim you. Go out in style!

Dear Vic: I have to say I find your advice columns very unappealing; poorly written, lacking in the psychological understanding of the readers' problems, offensive to the eyes, and pretty bitter in my mouth too. Your inadequate vocabulary leaves a lot to be frowned upon. I think you should stop writing and hire someone more qualified to do the job, like me.  
-Colin Ritic

Dear C.Ritic: I guess you are right. I shall take your advice, quit this job and do something more productive like trolling websites! BTW, I've psychoanalyzed your letter and come to the conclusion that you have led an unfulfilled, abusive, unhappy and repressed life. Tell me my dear man--Where did he touch you?

Dear Vic: Between juggling a business in the morning and parading around in my underwear at night, I don't get enough sleep.  
-Batman, the Dark Knight

Dear Batman: I am in engineering, so neither do I.

- Victor Übermensch  
Rhodes Scholar, Sex God, Pop Culture Revolutionary, Olympic Champion, Business Tycoon, Spiritual Messiah, Compassionate Samurai, Heroic Vigilante

## FIRE IN THE HOLE! ... at Que\_n's University

The day dawned with a gentle breeze and the quiet shuffling sound of the feet of Frosh as they made their way towards the event that Queen's University calls the Grease Pole Climb. Their drowsy eyes were barely beginning to lift as they huddled with their fellow Frosh, waiting for the excitement of the coming day.

They didn't have long to wait.

In a few minutes, excitement arrived in the form of a white, unmarked van speeding through the stone archway into the quad. The van screeched to a halt and the back doors popped open with a bang. The curious Frosh craned their necks to see what the commotion was. Their glance fell on the sleek black of the Cannon Guard. Their ears heard the cry "FIRE IN THE HOLE!". Most had started to wonder what was happening when they all heard the mighty KA-BOOM of the Skule Cannon. All the memories of their Frosh week left their mind as they gazed in awe at this tool of spirit, of pride, of honor and strength.

And just like that, it was over. The Guardsmen left a case of beer on the ground, addressed to the Queen's EngSoc. As a last farewell, they also threw out hundreds of copies of the letter printed below.

With any luck, Queen's will take us on our offer. Until then, remember to show your Skule pride in any and all ways, and honor the Mighty Skule Cannon.

### September 10th, 2010

### Re: Come See a Real Mascot

Dear Engineering Society President,

The Cannon Guard and the Engineering Society at the University of Toronto would like to congratulate the incoming class of 2014. You are invited for a road trip to visit SUDS, the engineering pub.

Explosive memories are guaranteed!

Email [suds@skule.ca](mailto:suds@skule.ca) to arrange a date.

Sincerely,

### Chief Attiliator

HONOUR IT  
RESPECT IT  
PROTECT IT

## Toike 4 Kidz!

Toike Libs: Pick a word for each category, then fill in the blanks on the next page to read your story.

1. Plural noun \_\_\_\_\_
2. Verb ending in -ing \_\_\_\_\_
3. Verb ending in -ing \_\_\_\_\_
4. Plural noun \_\_\_\_\_
5. Verb \_\_\_\_\_
6. Adjective \_\_\_\_\_
7. Adjective \_\_\_\_\_
8. Adverb \_\_\_\_\_
9. Body part \_\_\_\_\_
10. Verb \_\_\_\_\_
11. Acronym \_\_\_\_\_
12. Adjective \_\_\_\_\_
13. Verb \_\_\_\_\_
14. Adjective \_\_\_\_\_
15. Drug \_\_\_\_\_
16. Adjective \_\_\_\_\_
17. Article of clothing \_\_\_\_\_
18. Noun \_\_\_\_\_
19. Verb \_\_\_\_\_
20. Noun \_\_\_\_\_
21. Adjective \_\_\_\_\_



Tilt the paper and look along the surface to see the hidden image!  
Also, never forget: Can't Touch This





# Toike 4 Kidz!

Super Fun Matching Game: Match the pairs correctly to reveal the secret message!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. You know what really grinds my gears...         | R. The gas pedal                                    |
| 2. You know what really floats my boat...          | E. A professional sheep shearer                     |
| 3. You know what really gets my motor running...   | U. A pin  |
| 4. You know what really raises my sail...          | I. A draft in my wood shed                          |
| 5. You know what takes the wind out of my sails... | G. Viagra   |
| 6. You know what really revs my engine...          | T. All-you-can-eat Indian Food                      |
| 7. You know what gives me an enormous erection...  | Y. Your Mom's saggy tits                            |
| 8. You know what really shears my sheep...         | T. Ropes and pulleys                                |
| 9. You know what really clogs my toilet...         | O. Sexual stimulation                               |
| 10. You know what really shivers my timbers...     | K. The fact that I only know how to drive automatic |
| 11. You know what really boils my cabbage...       | V. A cake thief                                     |
| 12. You know what really rings my bell...          | L. Buoyancy   |
| 13. You know what really bursts my bubble...       | F. A lack of wind                                   |
| 14. You know who really takes the cake...          | A. Electricity                                      |
| 15. You know what really turns my stomach....      | D. Water at 100 degrees Celsius                     |
| 16. You know what really stimulates me...          | N. New Ho King                                      |

(11) (16) (15) ' (4) (5) (16) (6) (7) (8) (9) (9) (16) (11) (6) (10) (15) (1)

(12) (16) (13) (6) (16) (14) (3) (2) (9) (10) (15) (8)

- Brogon T.C.

# Toike 4 Kidz!

A Trip to the Doctors

Patrick Longman, a 2nd year EngSci, had a lot of (1) \_\_\_\_\_ during October and November, and spent a lot of late nights (2) \_\_\_\_\_ instead of sleeping. Soon, he was permanently high on energy drinks and suffering from a stress disorder. After (3) \_\_\_\_\_ in the middle of an exam, Pat realized he needed to see a doctor. Cramming his bag full of (4) \_\_\_\_\_ to study in the waiting room, Pat (5) \_\_\_\_\_ to a hospital.

Pat had hoped to see a lot of hot nurses at the hospital, but instead, an old, (6) \_\_\_\_\_ lady in a(n) (7) \_\_\_\_\_ pink sweater. She was sympathetic, though, and got a doctor for Pat (8) \_\_\_\_\_. The doctor took one look at Pat's shaking (9) \_\_\_\_\_ and red eyes, smelled him, and (10) \_\_\_\_\_ out of the room. When the doctor came back, he was wearing a (11) \_\_\_\_\_ suit and holding a (12) \_\_\_\_\_ needle.

Pat (13) \_\_\_\_\_ up in the waiting room, not having seen a doctor yet. His hallucinations were getting (14) \_\_\_\_\_ though. Eventually, Pat did get to talk to a doctor, who told him to sleep more, exercise, and drink less (15) \_\_\_\_\_. Pat burst into hysterical laughter so (16) \_\_\_\_\_ he couldn't stop, and had to be sedated.

This time, Pat woke in a hospital bed, wearing a backless (17) \_\_\_\_\_. Frantic, he looked for his backpack so he could try to make up for the study time he had lost while sleeping. Instead, he found a (18) \_\_\_\_\_ in his arm. A nurse came over to tell Pat to rest, and he (19) \_\_\_\_\_. Pat is now institutionalized.

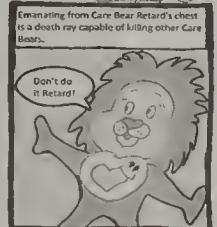
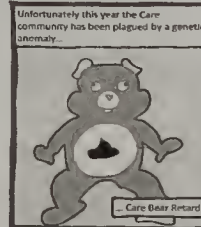
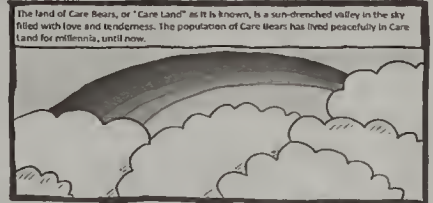
Heed this (20) \_\_\_\_\_, you (21) \_\_\_\_\_! Frosh, and save yourselves while you still can.

- Dick Peosbody

## Amazing Business Opportunity!!

The Toike has gone overbudget and needs to raise money somehow to stay afloat. So the question you gotta ask yourself is: You wanna buy some vowels?

A E O U A U E I E O U A E



## Joke Attempt #4

What do you get when you cross a Platypus and a Steamroller? ... Splatterpus!

- Wigwum Socopuntas

[Ed. No way Wigwum, shit like this actually happens in real life. I would have Platypi-rights activists put my oss if I ever put in something like this]

# Volunteers Needed

For research study

on Annular Cortex  
Neural pathways

Participants will undergo  
electronically-induced orgasm to  
help researchers map neural paths

To apply, email:

ElecOrg@gmail.com

OK, we crashed the  
Gmail servers. Please  
call (647) 555-ORGA

so we over loaded  
the phone network...  
to apply come find me

**Cut out the following record and play  
it backwards on a record player at  
33RPM...**



**...Know what you'll hear? A backwards song**

(Mrs. Satou is King and, Paul volunteered to be closed in 1966 to provide our generation with it's supply of backwards men)